



Emil's



HOBO TOURS 1943



**UND DER REGEN BLIES
IN DIE STEILHÄNGE 1**



Emil's

**"And The Rains Blew Into the Steepes"
Letters Home from Somewhere in Russia**

HOBOTOURS 1943



Emil's



HOBO TOURS 1943

"The old gal looked up from her broken porch, looked me in the eye and mumbled in broken German that "Mother Earth will swallow you up!"

Not sure if it was a curse or a future prediction but I still managed a smirk and said something to the effect that "I am sure you will be there waiting for me on the other side." She thought through what I had said, nodded back her understanding and then, spit on the ground at my feet."

- Kurt, your son, somewhere in Russia



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Beyond the expanses of the Great Russian Plain lies the cream of youth of 20th-century Europe's enlightened age.

The year was 1943 and the Great Germanic Youth Crusade against the Bolshevik Revolution had come to a standstill.

The winds of history were about to turn, and they did not see it coming as they ventured farther east on that long, dusty road.

Today, mostly lost to our modern thoughts...buried in long-forgotten graves...posters along every mile of this dusty, rutted road.



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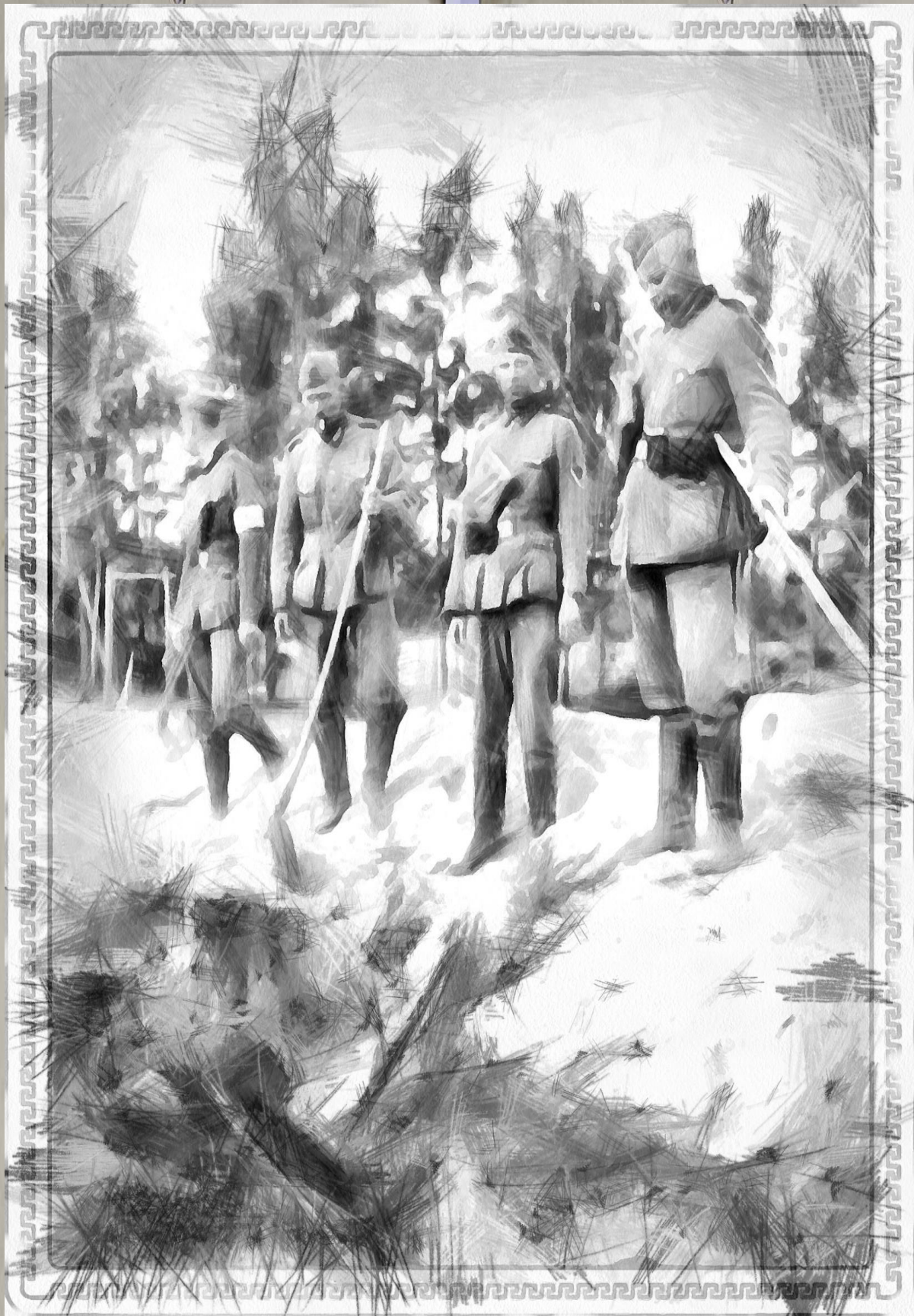
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HOBO TOURS 1943

What more, they've been removed...relocated to...a collection of unmarked and faded photos gathering dust in old, cluttered closets.

They have been lost in time and faded from our minds, largely because the men who led these children into the wilds of Asia made their own deal with the devil not to save millions of innocents who called the Plains home but to bring hell to them and to be the instrument of their destruction in the notion of "Breathing Space" for the growing Fatherland.



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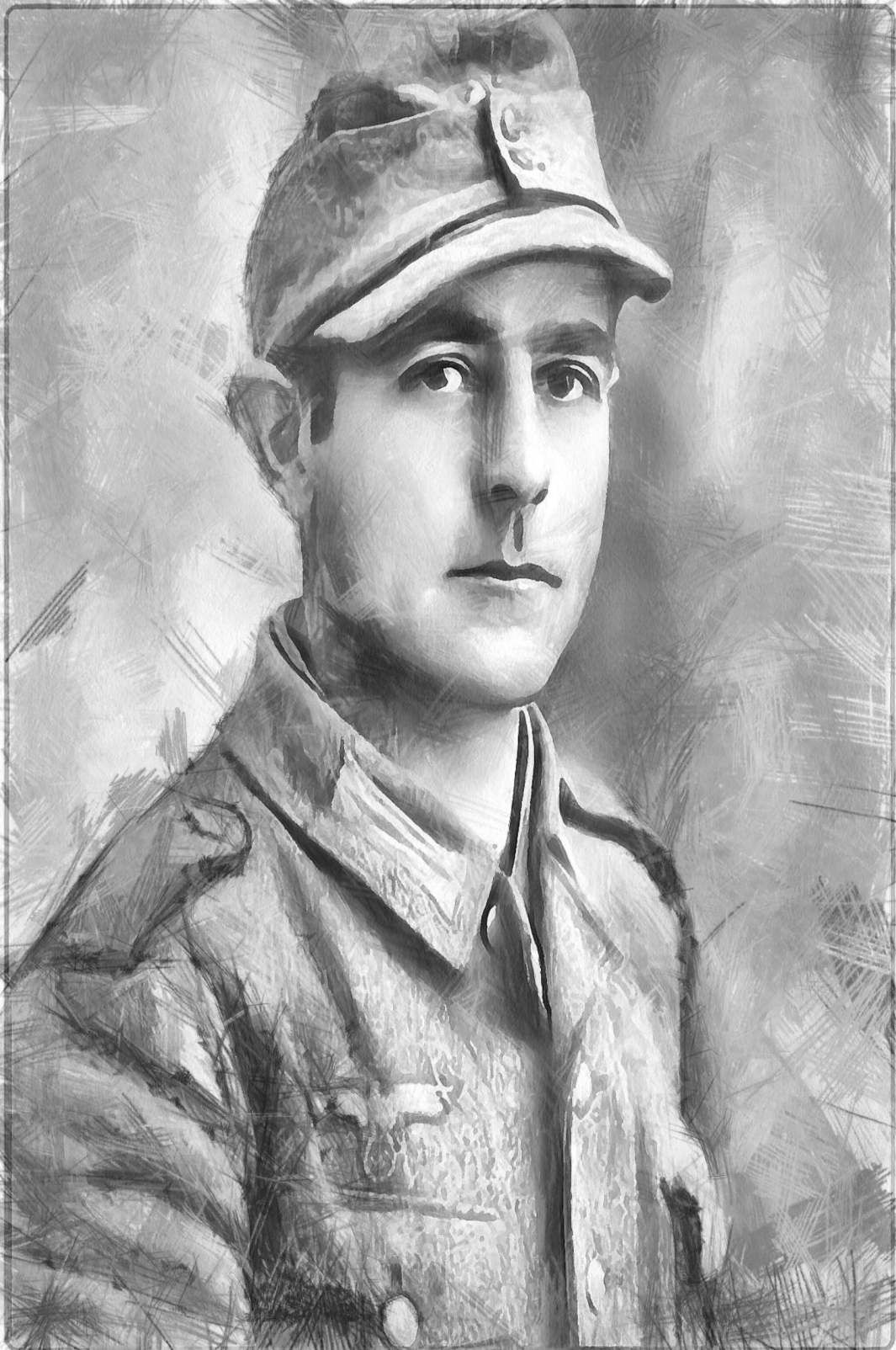
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HOBOTOURS 1943

There is an ancient custom among many of the earliest civilizations that truly believed that if a person is remembered, their name whispered; they will not die. Emil is trying to gather a lost generation of youth who never lived long enough to know a better way.

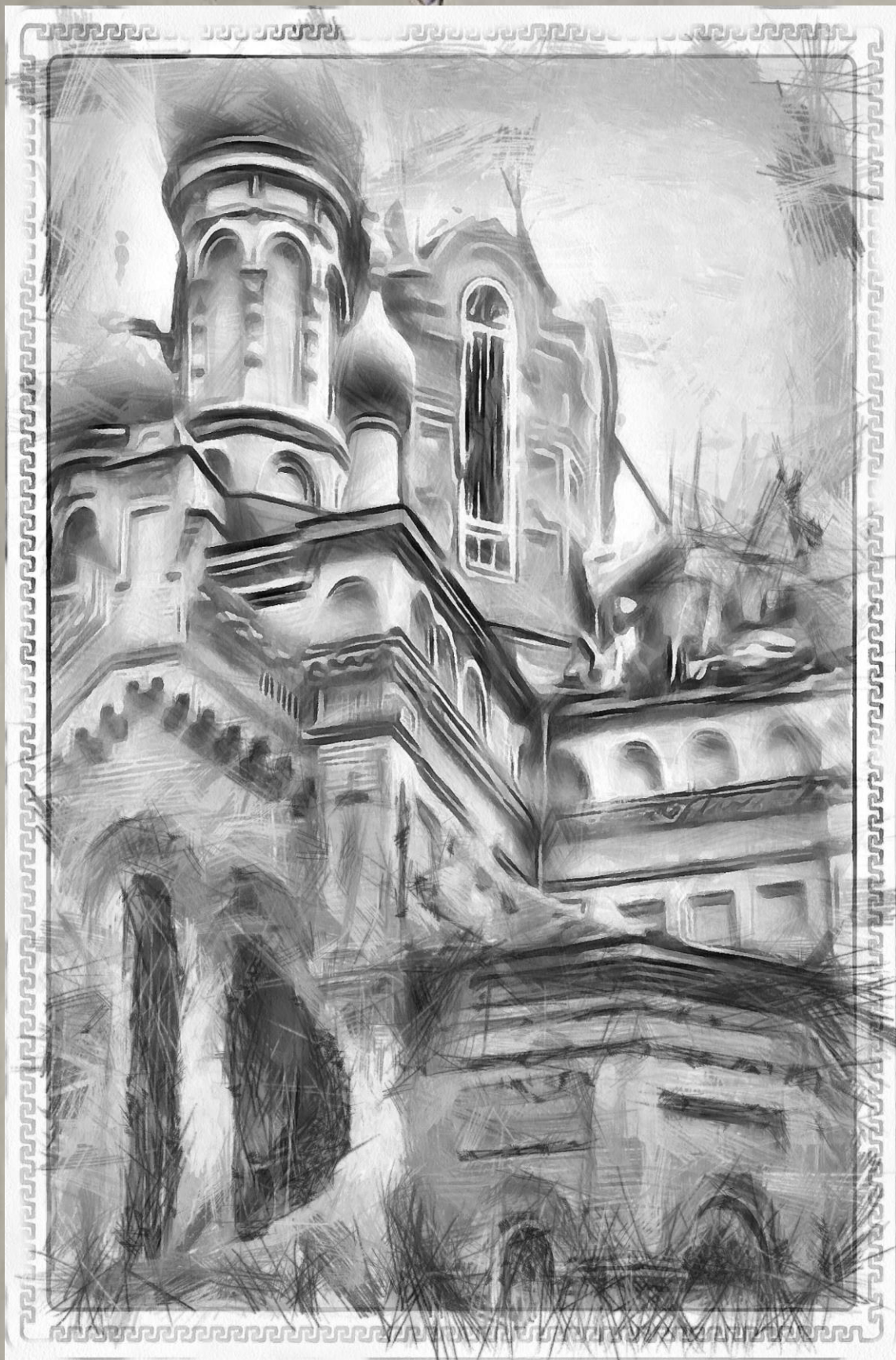
A vast legion of misguided children who had just left their families...many for the first time...on this brisk spring



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HOBOTOURS 1943

**day in 1943...and now Emil's
sole understandable goal is to
put them all back on this
dusty, western road...with a
fresh kit and boots...to
complete their journey march
towards God's Final
Judgment...**

**I remember Franz, Kurt and
all the other boys... through
these pictures... Seems, they
do deserve a chance to plead
their own case before God.**

- Seine



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HOBBO TOURS 1943



Emil's

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HOBBO TOURS 1943



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HOBO TOURS 1943

"Agreed that it has been a long time between letters but, the war does get in the way of anything resembling a normal life like writing letters home and they discourage long letters filled with detail or opinions as this might cause you extra worry or misunderstanding of our noble goal to free the Russian People. I can say that the days are long and many times boring with nothing but Weird Fritz's dirty stories to cheer the day..."

- Kurt, your son, somewhere in Russia



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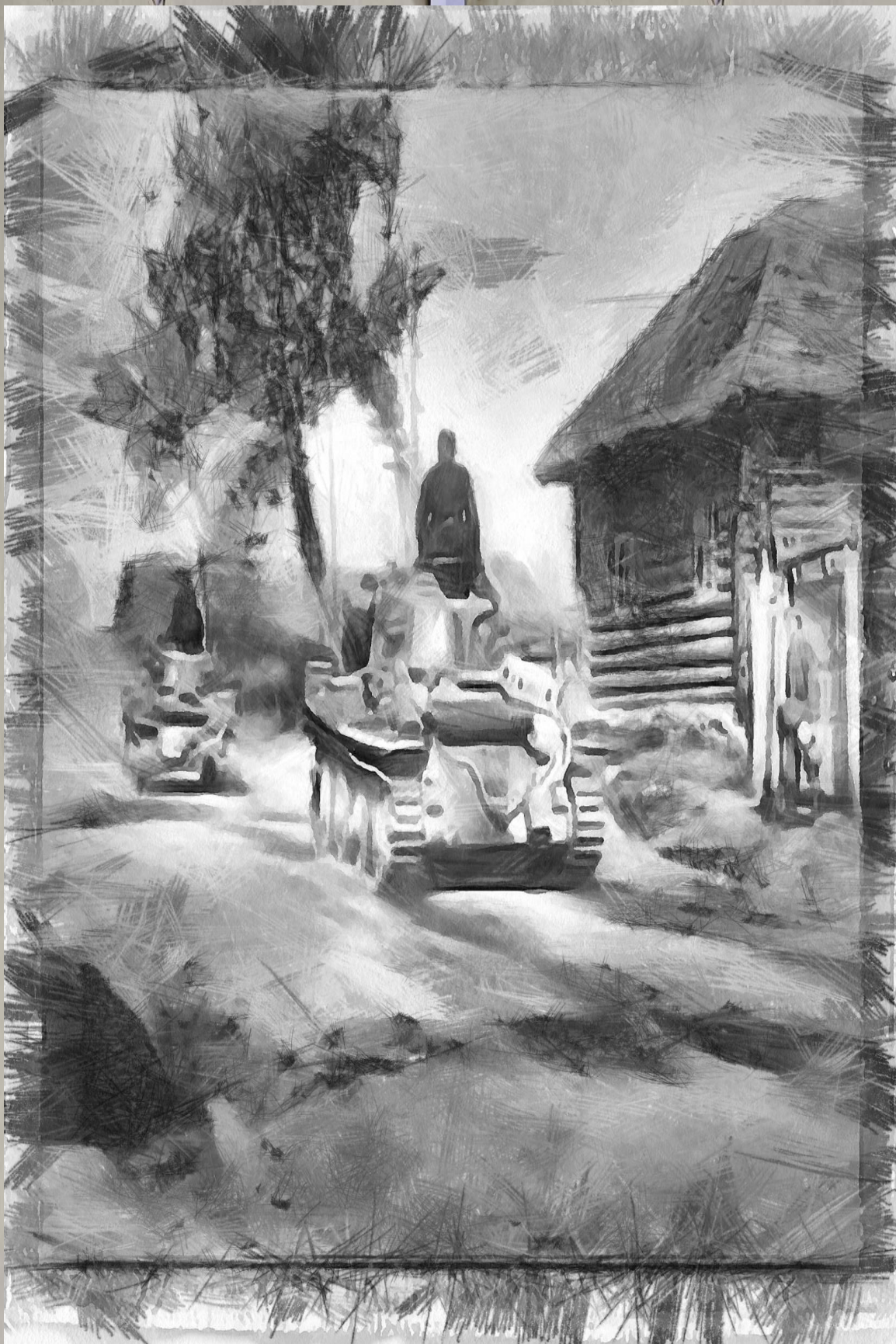
HOBO TOURS 1943

"The Captain and several of our senior sergeants have very nice cameras and always seem to be taking pictures of life out here in the farm villages and fields.

They must come from rich families as those cameras cost more than we will make in a year and surely have connections to acquire film this far out here in the wilderness.

Since, I am not and lack any connections, I decided to take a hand at drawing as I did find several sketch books in a town we recently passed through..."

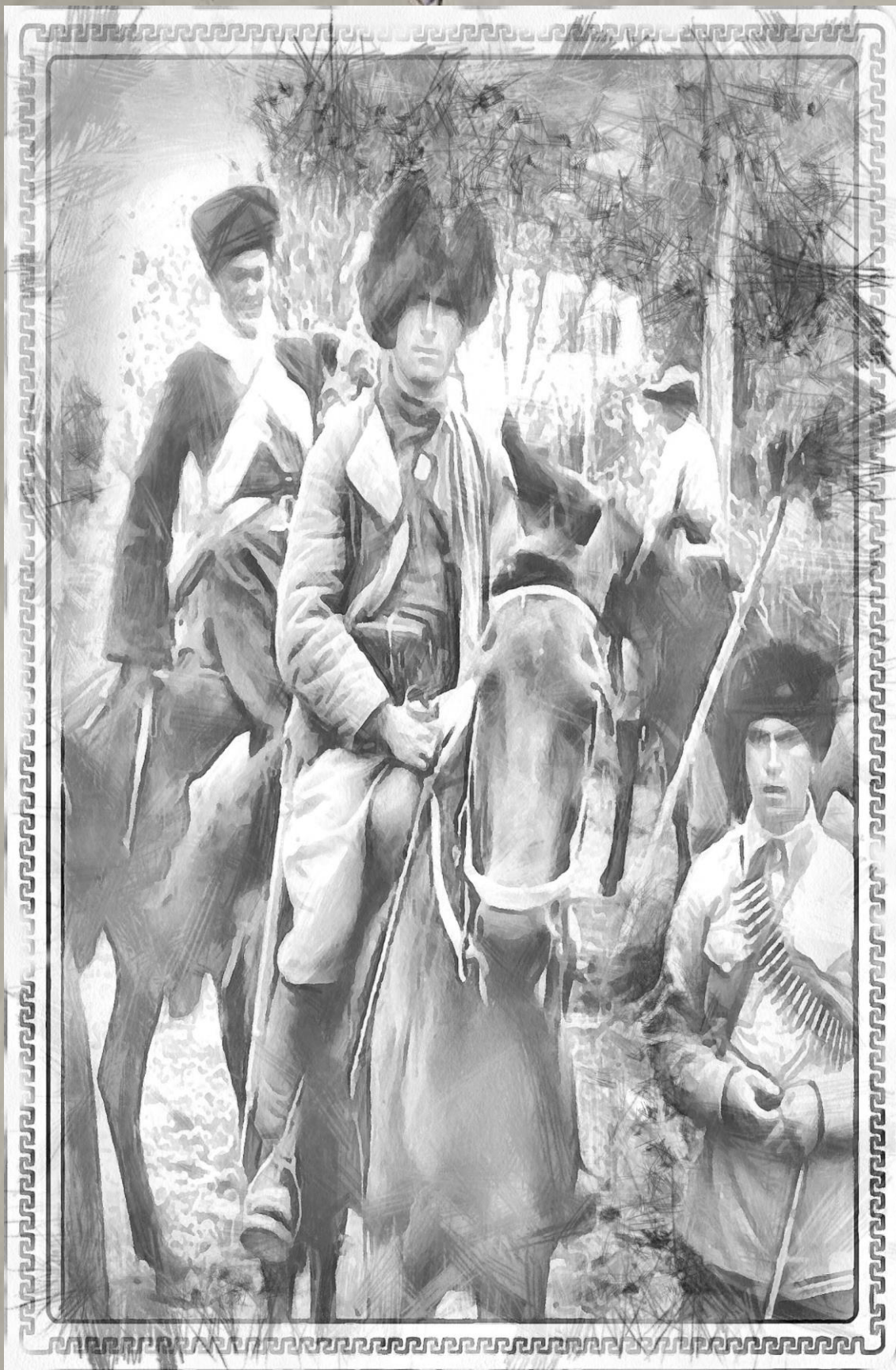
- Kurt, your son, somewhere in Russia



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*"Our lorry rushes across the
wasteland that was once the road
to ancient city of Kíev...*

*The path is littered with empty
cities, broken highways, seared
earth--all around, marks of the
catastrophic destruction of war.
There is no civilization left here,
no law yet established as the
bitter battle continues.*

*Karl was told by our driver that
these roads belong to random
gangs that would murder a man
for his shoes, an ounce of water...
or for nothing at all..."*

- Kurt, your son, somewhere in Russia



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"Our convoy has been several times diverted or detoured due to local fighting (today) but, everyone is in good spirits and many of the village people offer us water and food whenever we stop.

The Captain said that many of these people cheer our effort as they believe we are here to free them from what he calls the "Yoke of Communism..."

I got posted to the night watch and had a good time singing old beer hall songs with the other guards as we sat by the warming fire - it is already cold here at night..."

- Kurt, your son, somewhere in Russia



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"Hanz and the corporal had a look at my sketches and thought they were not bad for a farm boy without a proper art school training.

We all laughed but, then in reflection...it dawned on me that is who I am...Not good nor bad, I think?

So many young faces in our groups and it is rare to see an older face that isn't an officer or a few of our senior sergeants...I asked the corporal why this is so but, he frowned and told me get back to my duties...I take that this wasn't something to be asked"

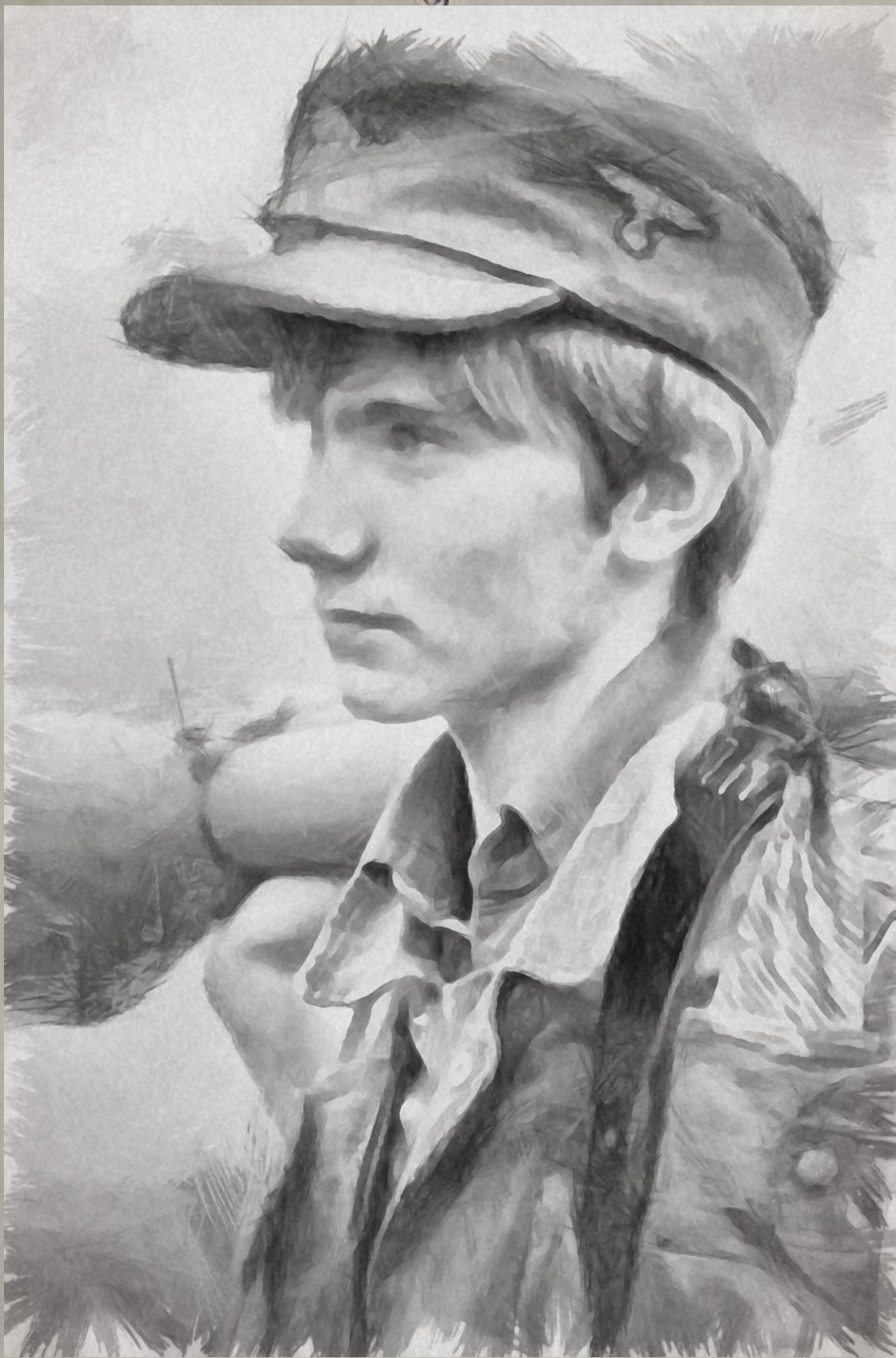
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"We got caught goofing off by the senior sergeant and he dressed us down for not being proper soldiers and reminded us that this was not a school outing but a war.

Karl (the smart ass) complained that we have been in Russia for almost 2 months and have not seen the war that he was talking about.

This is how we ended up with two weeks of kitchen duties - which turned out rather good as we always eat first. Silver lining? No, I am not in trouble but the cook said that we needed a lesson..."

- Kurt, your son, somewhere in Russia



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"The captain addressed the brigade (today) that there had been several cases of poisoning of soldiers at the nearby railhead by Soviet terrorists pretending to be local villagers offering food and drink to the arriving recruits.

This is scary as we have always (happily) accepted such gifts from the locals - who seemed to cheer on our arrival as liberation.

To most of us, this was our firsthand introduction to this war other than the passing ruins and taught us that must take greater care. We all are safe...don't fear! "

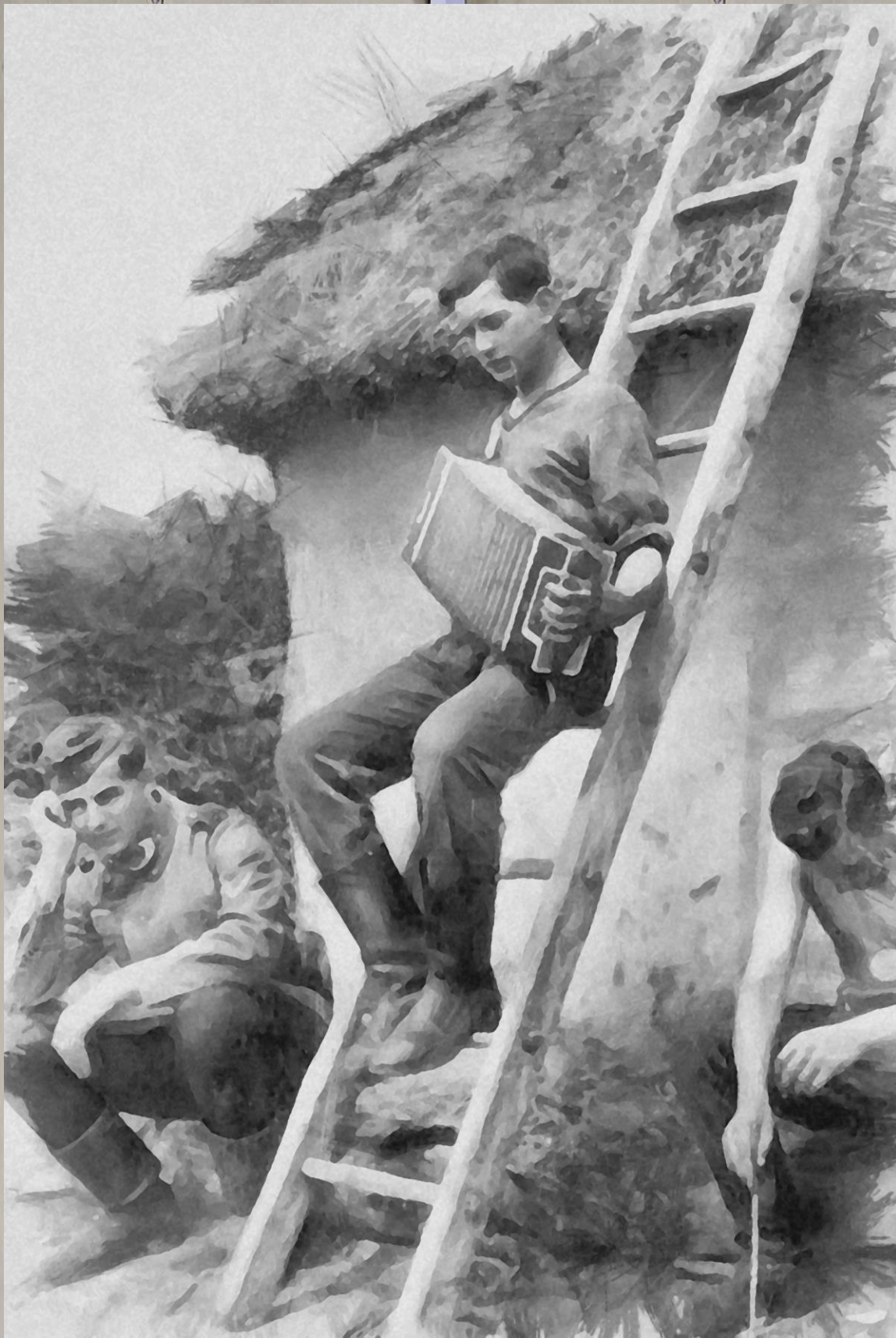
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*"Morning always come early and
the corporal kicks my feet and
tells me to get to the kitchen...*

*I have (yet) another week of
peeling potatoes and onions.*

*Rumors say that our time here at
the railhead will be ending soon as
we are needed at the front.*

*I must admit that we all feel
uneasy that this day will soon be
on us and secretly, we question if
we will be brave and do our duty.*

*I am not suppose to say this but,
we are starting to see the wounded
and even carts of the dead
arriving here at the railhead..."*

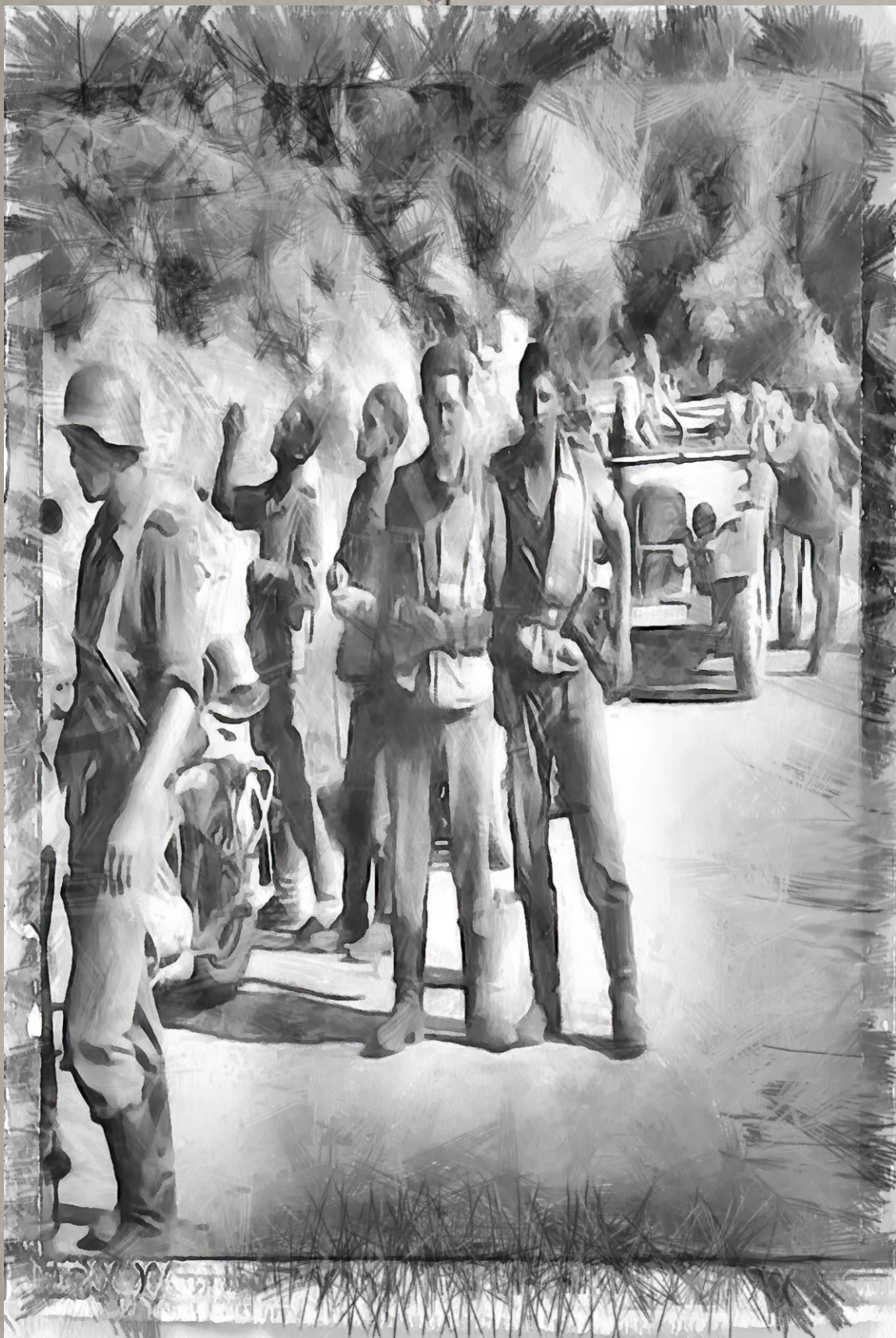
- Kurt, your son, somewhere in Russia



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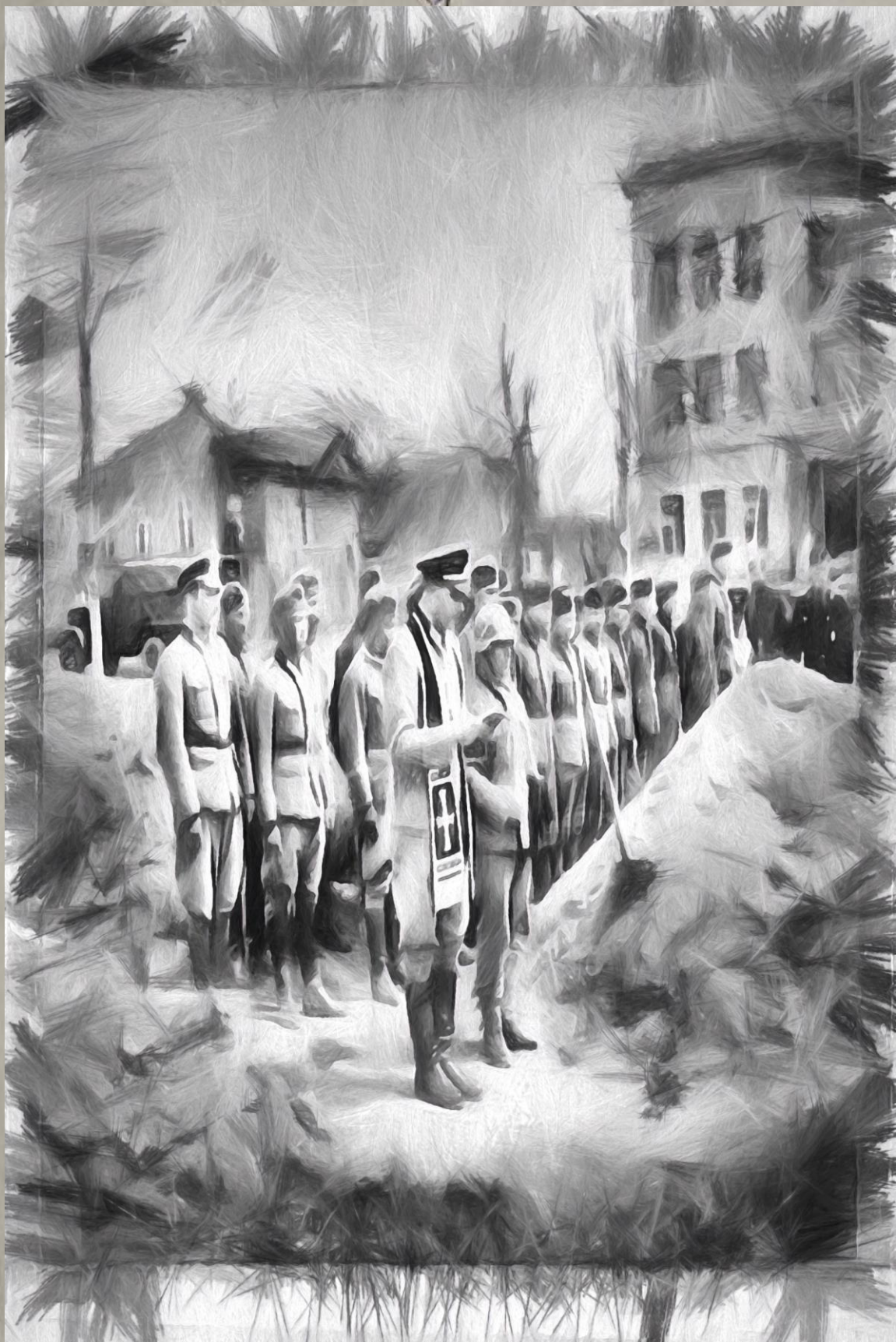


HOBO TOURS 1943

"Our whole unit went to Sunday Mass and the officer priest talked long about what was to come as he knew that many of us had seen dead bodies (up close) for the first time when the wagons came from the frontlines.

He told us that we were here by the will of the free to fight the Godless Soviets to save God's Russian children and we must be brave as the future of our world...our families and the enlightenment of Western Civilization depended on each of us standing tall and doing our duty..."

- Kurt, your son, somewhere in Russia



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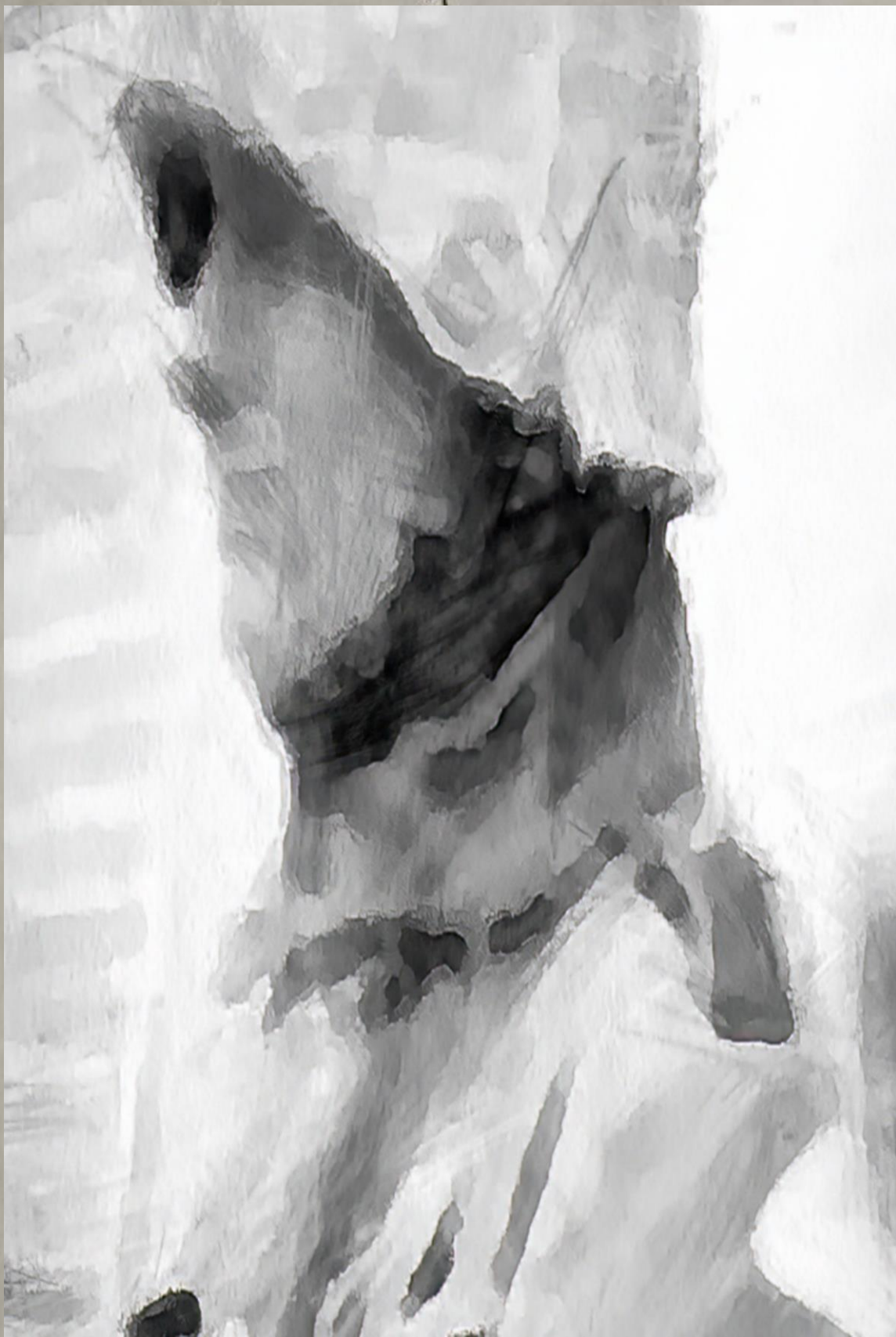
HOBO TOURS 1943

"We had gun practice today and I shot rather well and the Captain took notice of this.

He praised me on what a good soldier he believed that I would become and how he wished that he had an army of likeminded troops...he joked that with that, he could well conquer the world. Time rushes fast but we try to slow it down by thinking of home to not think that the war would be on us in mere days.

*The gunnery sergeant taught us to aim big when we shoot...
I miss home!"*

- Kurt, your son, somewhere in Russia



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"The corporal told us to write home as this might be our last chance for a while as there is no time to write letters from the front.

Seems that the command wants us to ensure our families that all is well and if they don't hear from us for a while...it doesn't mean that something happened but, it is the war and we must be careful for our fellow soldiers' security.

So, there you have it.

Tell Uncle Karl that I always remember what he taught me from his war years in France...

I will be safe...I promise!"

- Kurt, your son, somewhere in Russia



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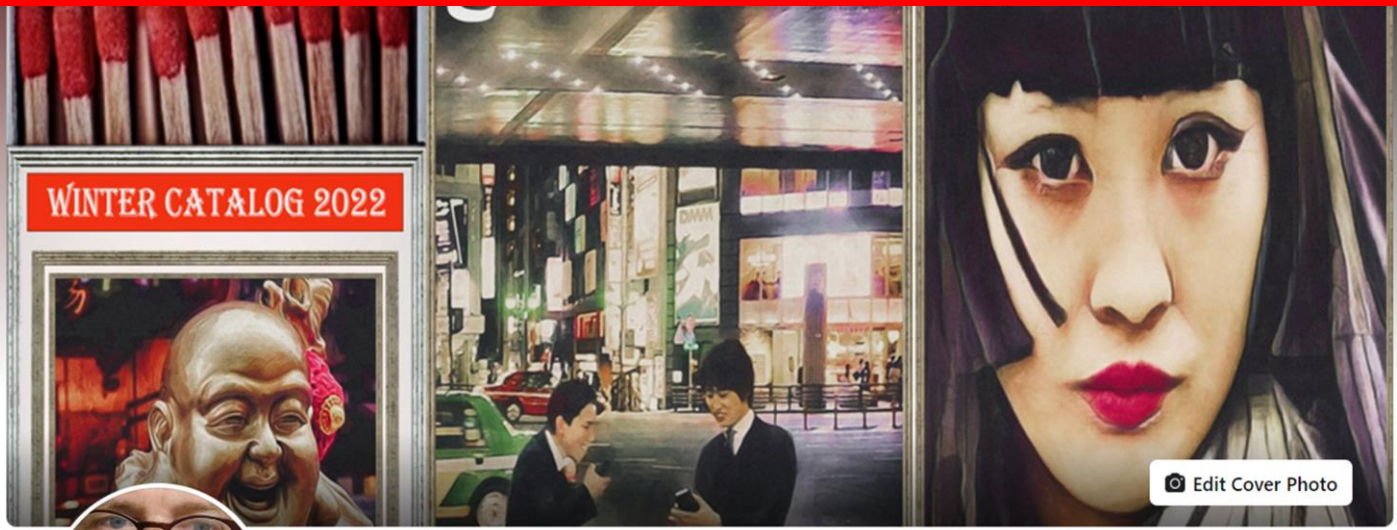


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**"And The Rains Blew Into the Steepes"
Letters Home from Somewhere in Russia**

HOBBO TOURS 1943

LIFESTYLES OF THE NOT SO FAMOUS



Emil West

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Emil West shared a memory.

Just now · 🌐



While (at the time) I never figured that I would have the honor to lunch with Mr. Gandhi...Like...ya just never know!



1 Year Ago
[See your memories >](#)



Emil West is at Penang Port.

30 June 2021 · Butterworth · 🌐

Dining with Gandhi...



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HOBO TOURS 1975

LIFESTYLES OF THE NOT SO FAMOUS



RESULTS

Learn about these results.



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Emil West




I'm just a corporate sharecropper, the poor artist at the wrong end of the money stick!

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A Love Grown Old



A Love Grown Old




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HOBOTOURS 1975

LIFESTYLES OF THE NOT SO FAMOUS



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I'm just a corporate sharecropper, the poor artist at the wrong end of the money stick!
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 POSTS

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Emil West is at Penang Port.
37 mins · Butterworth · 



No matter how hard they try...they can't beat the American-made, (home grown in an outlaw lab right outside Burbank) Emil Zombie GOF (Gain of Function) Samples...as Cousin Bruce strums the chorus of "Born in the USA..."



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HOBO TOURS 1975

LIFESTYLES OF THE NOT SO FAMOUS



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LIFESTYLES OF THE NOT SO FAMOUS



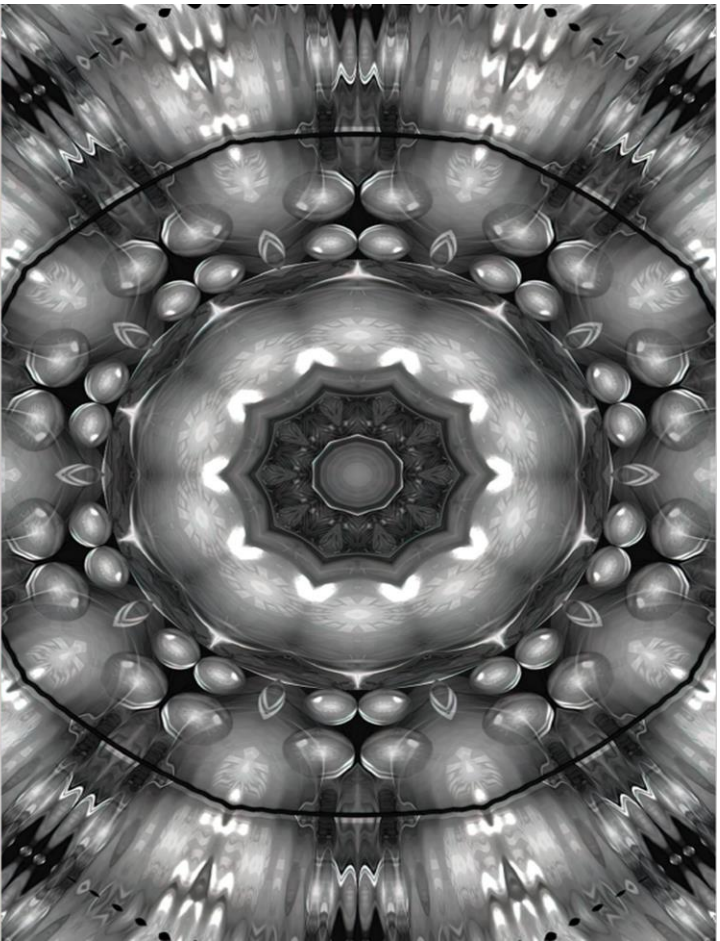
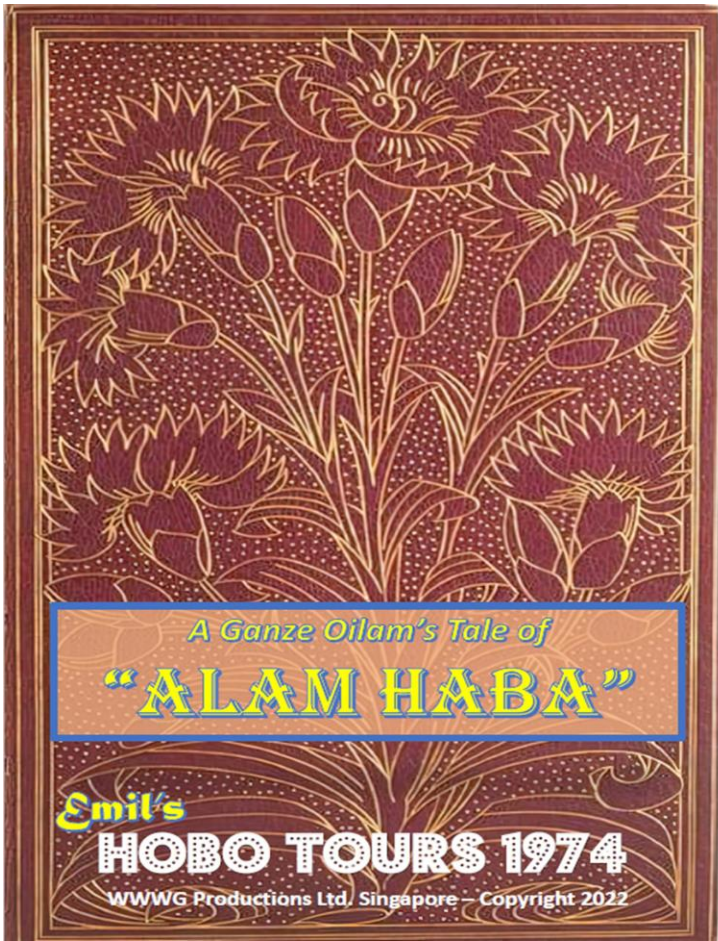
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LIFESTYLES OF THE NOT SO FAMOUS



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“Are You Really
a Foreign Devil?”

Speaking out the truths
that the Hobo Tours
have thought me...?

Well, Maybe Not!

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LIFESTYLES OF THE NOT SO FAMOUS



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Admiral

HORIZONTAL 1
VERTICAL 0

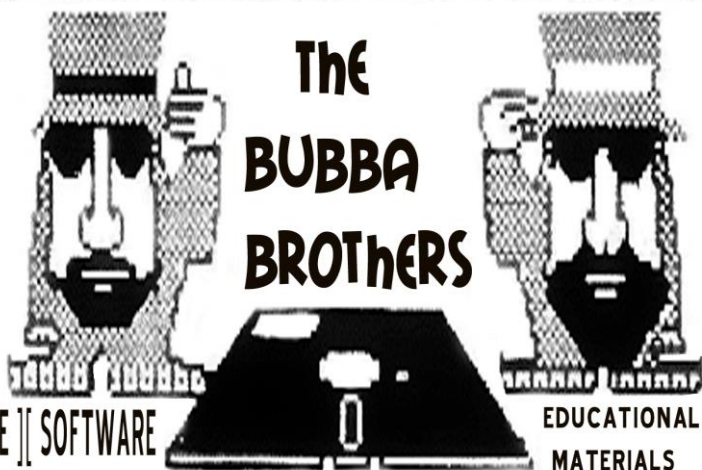
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BRIGHTNESS 0

OFF VOLUME 1
FOCUS 0

CHANNEL
SWEEP TUNING

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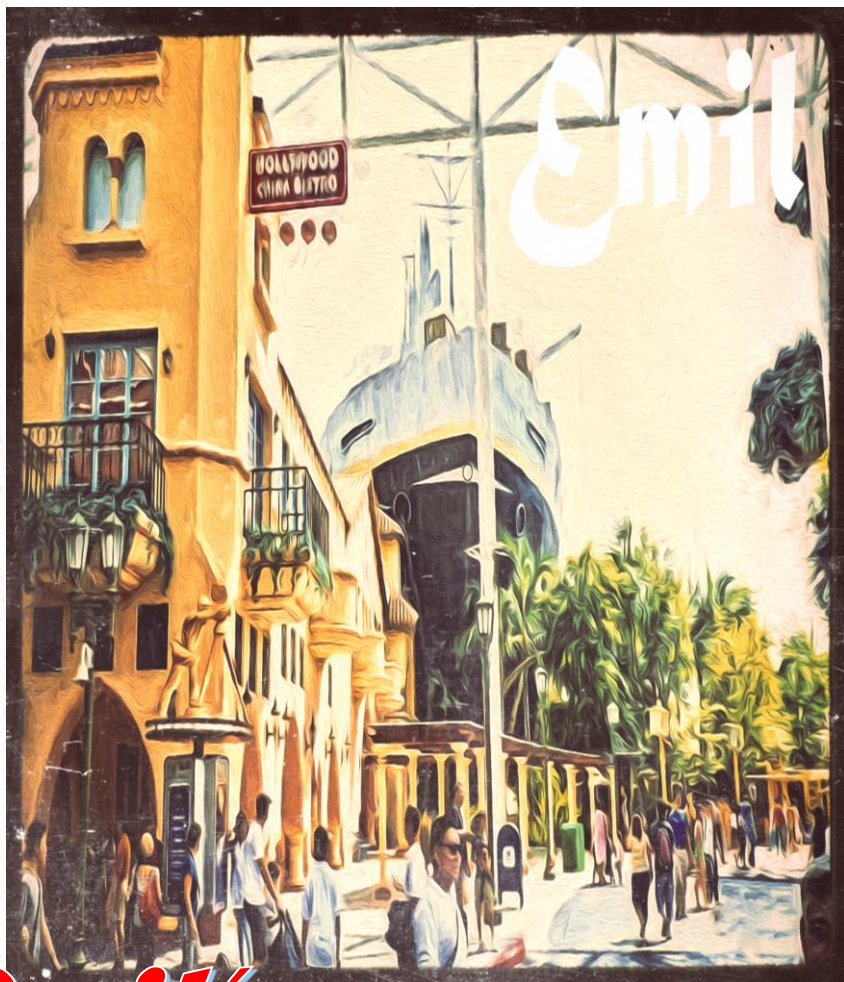
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